FRANK G. CARPENTER.

locks" that makes the housewife quite

willing to allow them to "range the valley

free" these days of shocking packing house

disclosures, as a proper respect for her own

stomach and those belonging to her family.

For years neat and careful housekeepers

have groaned in spirit and voiced indig-

nant protests over the flagrant and visible

violations of all sanitary codes-the carting

of sides of beef and quarters of lamb reek-

ing with "gore blood" in high-piled vans

absolutely unprotected from all the flying

dust and micro-organisms of the streets; the abandon with which the butcher expec-

torates on his own sawdusted floor; the

slow-paced butcher boy crawling along

with a basket of uncovered meat, setting it down unguarded at every corner while he

holds converse with his mates or watches

the progress of a dog fight. Now that the heretofore hidden sanitary atrocities have

come before the public for judgment, it is

hopeful that the wave of promised reform

tinerary from the refrigerator car to

Doubtless the old saw still holds true that

we all have to eat our peck of dirt, care-

ful as we may be; but we do not want it

all at once, and we are particular about

the kind. A part of the blame for this careless handling of meat comes back upon the women, after all. They are the ones who buy the meat and whose attention is called day after day to its improper care.

If every woman would refuse to trade with a butcher who is careless about handling

his meats the fraternity would soon begin to take notice. There is no reason why

every shop should not be kept immaculate. Meat should never be allowed to hang out-

side unless protected by gauze. In delivering meat it should first be wrapped in

oiled paper, then in the regular butchers

paper. If the government will look after the killing and packing of the meat, and the housewife keep an eye on the butcher,

the day will soon come when the vege-tarians can no longer claim a monopoly of

"all the food that's fit to eat." Meantime, while waiting for the pure food millenium,

while waiting for the pure food milienium, let us consider a few substantial dishes that are tasty, will "stand by" one and cost considerably less than chops or steak. Cheese Cutlets.—Put two tablespoonfuls butter in a saucepan and, while melting, add four level tablespoonfuls cornstarch, a salternoonful salternoonful and adach of white near

saltspeonful salt and a dash of white pep-per or paprika. When blended add one cup rich milk; stir until smooth, then add one cup mild American cheese cut into small

pleces and a half cup grated Parmesan.

Mix thoroughly, spread in buttered cutlet
molds or pat into shape with the hands,
and, when stiff, egg, crumb and fry in deep

Eggplant Stew.-This is an Armenian

dish that is extremely nourishing and di-gestible and, withal, appetizing. It is

enters, but it is equally good with chicken or olive oil, rice or crumbs. The principal

summer squash, one eggplant and a Bell-

flower apple. The apple is peeled and cored, a slice cut off and laid aside for a

lid. The eggplant has a slice cut from the

stalk end, the inside scooped out, taking

pains not to break through the skin, and

then cooked ten minutes in boiling saited water. The cucumber and squash are cut

tie together. A rich stuffing is made some-times of Hamburg steak with half its bulk

in raw rice and seasonings, sometimes

sausage and bread crumbs, or, if preferred, bread crumbs, beaten egg, onlon, butter or

olive oil and herbs and spice to season. Fill the cups, tie in place, then arrange,

in boiling water to just cover and simmer gently until the vegetables are tender and

will break in pieces and look messy. This

slow simmering makes a rich gravy of

the stem end from a good-sized plant and

scoop out the inside, leaving just wall

enough to hold it in place. Cook the shell

ten minutes in bolling salted water, then

lay in cold water while you prepare the forcemeat. Put the pulp that was scooped

out into a bowl, rejecting the seeds, sprin-kle with salt and leave for an hour. Then squeeze well and chop. Put a pint of canned tomatoes or a quart of fresh ones

in a saucepan with a few slices of onior

two sprigs of parsley, a clove and a bit of

bay leaf, and simmer twenty minutes, stir-

ring often. Strain through a coarse sieve,

allowing the tomato pulp to go through. Add to the chopped eggplant a cupful

standing upright, in a saucepan

dish and may take the place of meat

enough together to keep in position.

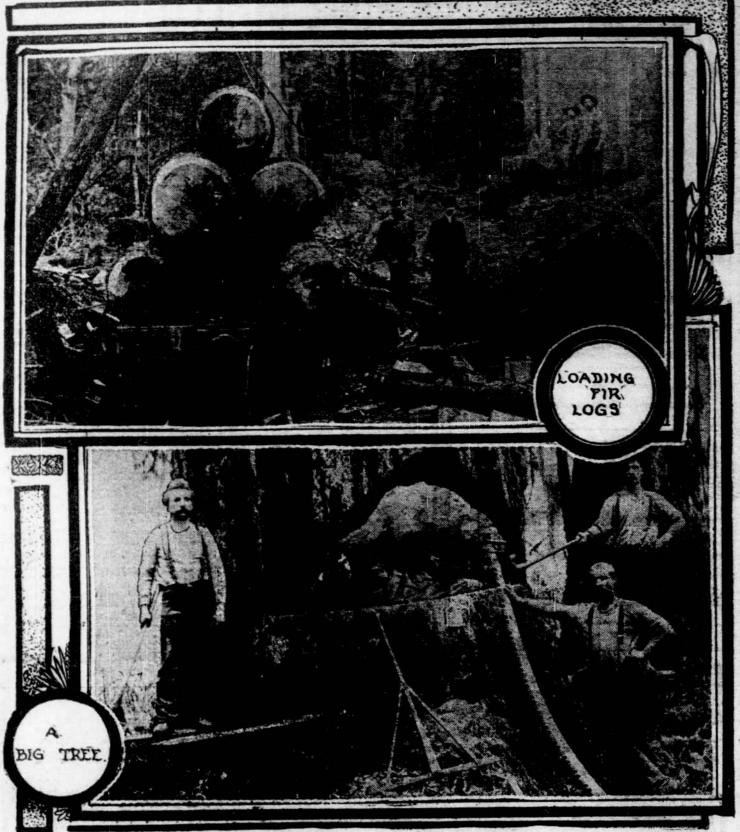
itself.

in two lengthwise, their centers see

ingredients are one large cucumber.

butcher, and butcher to patron.

will reach far enough in its sweep to include the proper protection of meat on its



bers to the Cars.

Steel Cables Drag Mighty Tim-

GRAY SQUIRREL IS AMAZED

Few People Realize What Lumber Industry Means.

FORESTS OF THE NORTHWEST

Logging in the State of Washington-With the Giant Killers-

(Copyright, 1906, by Frank G. Carpenter.)

SULTAN JUNCTION, Wash. I am dictating these notes in the midst of the woods. I am in the greatest forest region of the United States, on the western slope of the Cascade mountains and in the heart of a lumber camp, with hundreds of men sawing and chopping away on all sides. At my back a stationary steam engine is dragging mighty timbers by steel cables to the cars, and with similar cables loading the giant logs for shinment to the mills. My seat is a fir tree which has just fallen. It is 200 feet long and so thick at the base that a cross section of it would reach from the floor to the celling of the average parlor. Other firs, each as big around as a railroad water tank, rise about on all sides, their tops in some cases kissing the sky 300 feet over my head. At my right, standing on spring boards fastened into cuts in the trunk at about four feet from the ground, are two wood choppers, making tion for falling, and farther over are two other lumbermen on similar boards pulling bark, but the tree seems to shrick as the way toward its heart. As I look a gray squirrel sneaks down the trunk of a forest giant nearby, and then flies to the top of a mighty stump thirty feet round and sits there, evidently amazed at its surroundings. I stand upon the log and look about me. Except where the lumbermen have cut their way through, the jungle is almost as dense as that of the Himalaya mountains. The ground is covered with rotting under-brush and fallen trees. There are snags and broken branches everywhere and the old trunks have a thick coating of moss. There are giant ferns and brambles with ns which tear one's hands and clothes as he makes his way through.

But first let me tell you something of the mighty timber product of the great northwest. Washington, Oregon and California are cutting more and more trees every year, and Washington leads the Union in its timber resources. According to an estimate of the Department of the Interior, there are almost 200 billion feet of valuable tim-ber still standing. The state is cutting something like a billion feet every year, and in addition about five billion cedar shingles; but even at this rate the cutting can go on for a hundred years and leave plenty to spare. A billion feet of lumber means enough to make a board walk a foot wide and an inch thick a billion feet long. At 5,000 feet to the mile such a walk would reach 200,000 miles. It would be long enough to plank a road eight feet wide clear around the world. That is what Washington is doing every year and what she can continue to do for more than a hundred years

The great timber range here west of the Cascade covers more than 20,000 acres. It big enough to make ten states the size of Delaware, and is said to be about the most densely wooded portion of the globe. It is now filled with lumber camps like this where I am writing, and where everything is carried on on a vast scale. The camps themselves, as I shall describe farther on, are different from those of the east, and the milling establishments where the tim-ber is cut into lumber for export are equipped with band and gang saws and all labor-saving appliances. The best of them stand upon Puget Sound, and they have a clean waterway from there to Panama, China, Japan, Australia, and, in fact, to all parts of the globe.

Uncle Sam's Big Lumber Business.

Few people realize what our lumber in-

and Sweden rank about even with France. Australia is getting about \$25,000,000 a year out of its woods, and Great Britain about \$10,000,000. The most of our lumber is used at home, and more and more of the home product is coming from this part of the world. A half century ago the chief source of supply was New England, then the Great Lakes regions were opened up, and until Lakes regions were opened up, and until 1890 they had the lead. In 1860 we were getting one-sixth of our lumber from the south, but the war paralyzed that industry, and it did not pick up again until along in the eighties.

Now about one-fourth of all our building

Now about one-fourth of all our building wood comes from the southern states. The Pacific coast did little in this respect before 1880, and these vast lumber regions of the northwest were not exploited at all for years after that. Their active life began when James J. Hill showed that he could carry shingles and boards across the conticarry shingles and boards across the continent on the Great Northern railroad and sell them at a profit in the east. From that time to this that road has been getting big receipts from its timber freights, and it is one of the chief timber transporters of this country today. On my way here I passed train-load after train-load of lumber going east. I counted forty cars on a single train, and was told that it contained altogether 400,000 feet. It was made up of boards, shingles, rafters and lathing, and it was on its way across the Rockies to the lumber merchants of the Mississippi valley. That train-load had Mississippi valley. That train-load had enough lumber on it to make a board walk a foot wide eighty miles long. It had been loaded in the Flathead valley in Montana, which is now cutting about 100,000,000

## Wood vs. Steel.

Many people think that the age of wood is passing away and that from now on steel and iron are to take its place. There is an enormous amount of forest left in the world. Canada has thick timber which would cover about one-third of the whole United States. Russia has still more than 500,000,000 acres, one-third of which be-longs to the czar and is carefully managed to prevent waste. It annually exports \$25,-000,000 worth of wood; one may see steamers loaded with it going out from the Bal-tic, and there is a great caravan of boats always moving down the Volga, carrying the lumber of the north to the great bla plain and the regions about the Caspian. About 40 per cent of Sweden is still covered with forest, and the same is true of 20 per cent of Norway, of which threefourths is pine.
I rode a thousand miles up the Amazo

a few years ago through giant woods all the way, and I could have gone by steamer 2,500 miles westward from Para through a similar country. The whole Amazon valley is covered with woods, and this is so of many of its tributaries. There are great forests along the Parana and Paraguay rivers with are not exploited now, because of the cost of getting the wood out. They have no snow there to help them, and no modern machinery in the way of lumber railroads, steam engines and cables. These will probably be introduced as the world's crop of wood becomes scarcer. Austria-Hungary has 47,000,000 acres of forest, of which about half is pine, and a large part of the remainder oak and beech. That country exports about \$25,000,000 worth of every year, and five or six millions lumber. Australia has vast forests in the west, and it is now exporting wood for pavements to many of the cities of Eu-rope. Siam is exploiting its teak timber, used largely for shipbuilding and furniture, and the same is true of Burma. British India sells something like \$2,000,000 worth of teak every year, and Great Britain annually buys more than \$3,000,000 worth of that wood to use in shipbuilding.

## Our Big Timber Supply.

We have enormous forests in the Philippines which will supply ties to China when the great railroad era of the cefestial empire begins, and the same is true of Formosa, Borneo and other islands of that part of the world. Cuba, Santo Domingo and Central America are all rich in hard woods, and indeed, there is scarcely a country on the face of the globe which has not still a large amount of valuable timber.

last census estimates that the timber owned by lumbermen was more than 200,000,000,000 feet, and that the total amount of our outstanding timber was ten times as great. It was then estimated that we had 15,000,000more than \$,000,000,000 in Minnesota, while there was something like 50,000,000,000 feet of white pine in the whole country, to spruce, there was about 50,000,000 feet of that, and of hemlock more than twice as nuch. There are about 100,000,000 acres of vellow pine left in the south, with more than 200,000,000,000 feet on them, and altogether about 150,000,000,000 feet of hardwoods. In addition to these woods there is a vast amount of yellow pine, sugar pine and red firs. The red firs are found here in the northwest. They are 200 or 300 feet in height and it is not uncommon to get 50,000 feet from one acre. The redwoods of Oregon and California sometimes yield 100,000 feet and more per acre, and the sup-100,000 feet and more per acre, and the sup-ply is said to be more than 75,000,000,000 feet. Indeed, it will be a long time before we are out of building material and before Uncle Sam will have to keep himself warm

road proposition, and a big one. The camp I am visiting is that of the Sultan Railway and Timber Company. It took out 28,000,000 feet of lumber last year and will take out 25,000,000 this year, or enough to plank a roadway as wide as a city street from New York to Boston. This company deals only in logs. Its business is to cut down the trees and to saw them into sections, which are hauled to the water front on Puget sound. Almost everything is done by ma-chinery. Railroads take the place of horses and donkey engines and steel cables drag the logs through the woods to the

It was with Mr. Loose, one of the company; Mr. C. E. Stone, the general passenger agent of the Great Northern railway, and Mr. Walter Parks, a moving picture photographer well known in this region, that I was taken into the forest and shown how these biggest trees now felled on the continent are gotten out. We made our way through the woods on a railroad hauled by a little compound engine not much bigger than the dummies used in coal yards, but having all the power of a great mogul hills more easily than the cog engines take one up Pike's Peak or the Rigi and then carried us on to the camp.

Our way was through these mighty fir trees which rose from 150 to 300 feet above us, and which in some places were so thick on the ground as to almost shut out the light. Some of the trees were as big around at the foot as a Pullman palace car stood up on end, and they maintained this size for a hundred feet or more to where the first limbs began. Others were more slender; but all shot straight up into heaven, branching out into feathery green far above us. There were also fallen trees and great stumps many feet through.

## With the Giant Killers.

Arriving at the camp, I left the car and tramped from tree to tree through the woods to watch the cutting, now sinking to my waist in the jungle and now shricking as I grabbed what appeared to be an innocent branch and found it covered with thorns. I climbed over trunk after trunk of these fallen monarchs, and walked, it seemed to me, for miles upon them, jumping from one to another, always fearing that I might slip and fall into the jungle below. I was surprised to see how rapidly the lumbermen moved; but, upon noticing their great heavy boots, I found that the soles were studded with sharp spikes, which pierced the bark and made them sure-

in circumference, and where it was cut, about as high above the ground as my head, it was ten feet in diameter. The choppers stood upon boards and made a gash in the trunk so large that a man could lie inside it; and this gash determined the direction of its falling. The choppers know how to cut so they can make the tree drop just where they please, and so that it will not break or injure other valuable timber. After the cutting the sawing began, and took two men almost an hour. They pulled the great crosscut saw back and forth, pouring oil on it to make it move smoothly. That tree must have been hundreds of years growing. It began to make its way through the soil long before Columbus came to America, but these vandals de-stroyed it in less than an hour.

As soon as it was on the ground another set of men took charge of it. They made gashes in the trunk thirty to forty feet apart, marking it off into logs, while others trimmed the branches and a third set of sawyers cut it in pieces. It was only few hours after cutting before it was ready to be loaded on the cars.

## Loading With Cables.

All the lumber here is loaded with cables by means of steam engines. The cables are ropes of steel as thick as a broom handle and a mile or more long. They are carried through the forest where the logs lie and are wrapped tightly about them. One log at a time is dragged over the ground. Many of the logs are so heavy that they plow great furrows in the earth as they go and sometimes tear up smaller trees by the roots on the way. A single forty-foot log will often form a full load for one car, some containing as much as 5,000 feet of lumber. Many of these logs are as big around and as long as a passenger car, and when green will weigh from twenty to forty tons each. Nevertheless a steel cable moved by the engine brings them up to the The log looks like a great live worm swaying its head this way and that as it

When it reaches the cars another cable is wrapped around it, and it is lifted as though it were a broomstick from the ground to the truck. It is all a matter of steam, wire rope and modern machinery carefully managed, the heaviest of the tim-ber being handled far more easily than the average pine log of Wisconsin a genera-

## With the Lumbermen.

I have spent some time here going about among the men. I have had dinner with them in the camp and have talked with a number of them. They are rough-looking follows in blue flannel shirts, trousers and top boots, but their cheeks are rosy, their eyes bright and they seem healthy and husky. They are about the same as our We are out of this woods today than any other country. We are producing almost one-half of all the forest products turned out upon earth. The annual output of the world is about the sands from the United States. Next to us stands Russia, which, when not cumbered with Russia, which, when not cumbered with revolutions, sells one-third as much as we do; then comes Austria, which produces about one-eighth. Norway which produces all the year round and lumbering is a rail
uncle Sam will have to keep himself warm by hopping up and down and swinging hts arms.

Logging in Northwest.

But, let me tell you how lumbering is done out here at the northwestern end of our country. It is far different than in Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota, where the trees are felled in the winter, rolled into the streams and float'd down with the floods in the spring. The logs are cut hare all the year round and lumbering is a rail
which produces about one-eighth. Norway which produces all the year round and lumbering is a rail
tree sam will have to keep himself warm by hopping up and down and swinging hts arms.

Logging in Northwest.

But, let me tell you how lumbering is done out here at the northwestern end of our country. It is far different than in Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota, where the northwestern end of the sam of the east, with the most of whom money comes easy and goes easy. They are pald good wages, running from \$2.25 to \$4.50 a day. A few of them save money, but more wait until they have sevent the sam of the country.

It is far different than in Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota, where the northwestern end of the sam of the east, with the sam of the country that

his surplus. One man here who is a skilled timber cutter, keeps close to his job until he has three or four hundred dollars ahead. Then he will go to Seattle and put up at the best hotel, always taking a room with a bath. He will come out in a new suit of clothes, will have a shave and shampoo and strut with a cane. For a week or so he will live like a swell. If there is an opera he will go to it, and will perhaps engage in sport pastimes which are not to be mentioned. He will keep this up until all his money is spent. Then he will fish out his old suit of clothes, pawning the new, and go back to work to repeat the same process when he again becomes flush. It should be said, however, that there are thrifty men also among those who work in the woods—men who have families and who save their wages and live most respectable lives.

FRANK G. CARPENTER. milk and a part of the strained tomato, leaving the rest for a sauce. Add the yolks of two well-beaten eggs, salt and paprika to season and a tablespoonful of butter. Mix thoroughly, then stuff the plant, spreading a thin layer of buttered crumbs over the top. Put into a baking dish in which you have poured three tablespoonfuls of olive oil, and bake half an hour in a hot oven, basting frequently. Season the remainder of the tomato that is to be used as sauce, reheat and pour over the eggplant when ready to serve. plant when ready to serve.

Bean Croquettes.—Soak one pint white pea beans or the little brown Mexican frijoles over night in cold water. In the morning cook until soft in water to which a saitspoonful of soda has been added, changing the water after it first comes to a boil. Rub through a colander, then add to the pulp one cup grated bread crumbs, one tablespoonful minced parsiey, two tablespoonfuls melted butter, two eggs well beaten, one small onion grated and salt and popper to season. Mix thoroughly, shape into cylinders, dip in beaten egg, then in cracker dust and fry in deep fat. Drain on soft paper and serve.

Boston Baked Bean Cakes.—These are

Boston Baked Bean Cakes.—These are made of left-over baked beans. Heat with a little water to moisten, rub through a colander, season with sait, pepper and mustard. Put a tablespoonful of pork drippings or butter in a frying pan and cook in it when hot a tablespoonful of minced onlon, taking care not to let it blacken. When colored slightly, lay in the cakes and brown on either side. Serve on toast or with tomato sauce. with tomato sauce.

Okra Gumbo.-Wash a quart of okra and cut the stem ends into pieces. Peel and chop one large onion, free a sweet pepper, red or green, from seeds and pulp and cut in narrow strips, and slice a half-dozen large tomatoes. Cook the vegetables slow-large tomatoes. Cook the vegetables slow-ly in two cups beef stock until tender. Meanwhile cook a half cup rice until plump, dry and tender. Add to the gumbo a tablespoonful of flie, the dried and pow-dered buds of the sassafras, heap the rice on a platter, pour the gumbo about it and

Lentil Cutlets.-Lentils furnish a valuable food, too little known and appreciated in this country. The Egyptian lentils are con-sidered more nourishing than those grown in other countries and do not require such in other countries and do not require such long cooking. To prepare them, take a cupful of the Egyptian lentils and soak over night, then cook in water to cover until tender. Add three grated onions, a tablespoonful minced parsley, a teaspoonful of thyme and enough bread crumbs to make a stiff mixture. Turn out on large plates and flatten. Cut into eight triangular portions and shape like small cutlets. When cold dip in egg and crumbs and fry in deep fat. Serve with mint or tomato in deep fat. Serve with mint or tomato sauce. A small piece of macaroni inserted in the end of each cutlet to simulate one adds to the realism of the cutlet.

#### Rubber Protection in Mexico.

President Diaz is determined that the real truth and the whole truth shall be known as to the naturally fortunate circumstances and conditions surrounding the rubber industry in his country, and not only so, but that it shall have every encouragement. To this end he has given personal letters to a representative of the cultivated rubber interests there-introducing him to the authorities in foreign tropical countries where rubber growing has been carried on successfully for many years—whose purpose is to study the methods of rubber growers in Ceylon and Malay, in which countries the rubber business is far advanced. The superiority of Mexican soil and climate for the rubber tree, the splendid results which the plantations have already produced, to be supplemented by whatever devices of tapping, etc., are most modern, are reasons enough for the confidence which is now general that Mexican entrivated rubber is going to equal in quality the finest Para, if it does not in some respects excel it; and the fact that Mexico is at our very door will make America an ideal market for all that can be produced.

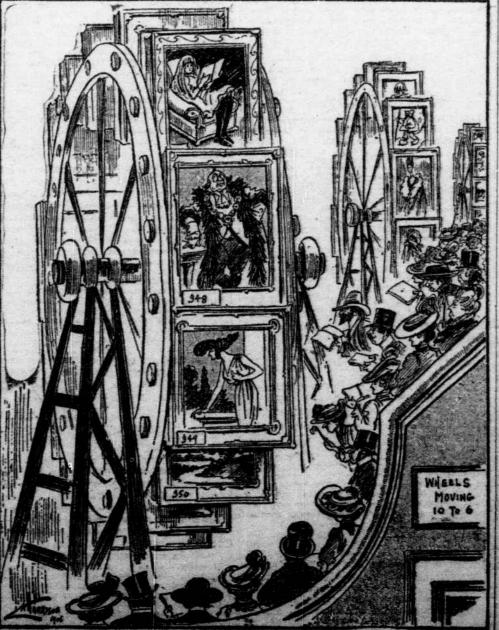
President Roosevelt of course realizes that we have annexed Mexico commercially; hat about seven hundred million dollars of American morey is now invested in various enterprises down there, and that this sum is constantly growing larger; hence his interest which he has manifested by also giving letters of introduction to the representative of Mexican rubber interests who is to visit the edge. But his interest may have a deeper significance, for he doubtless has in mind possible repetition with Mexico as to rubber of the arrangement long ago made with Hawaii as to sugar, by which the projuction of that article was increased thirty-There is a difference in conditions between our relations with one of our own possessions and with Mexico, but that would not necessarily prevent reciprocity; and if our government were to continue to admit Mexican cultivated rubber free duty and place a high tariff on the rubber from every other country, the effect would he to make Mexico the greatest rubber producing country in the world, so tremendous would be the stimulus to cultivation.

## Goats as Mowing Machines.

From Country Life in America.

a tangle of brush and briers that it was with difficulty one could make a way through it. The goats actually ate their way in until it was penetrated with paths the forcemeat, if rice is used, is puffy and dry. Do not boil hard or the vegetables in all directions. After the leaves within reach were eaten they would stand on their hind feet with their forefeet in the branches and so eat the leaves higher up, or, if the brush was not too large, would throw their weight against and bend it to the ground, where others of the flock would help strip it of its foliage. The leaves would come out again only to be eaten off, then sprouts would come from the roots to share the same fate, until, at the end of the second summer, everything in the shape of a bush not over six feet tall, except the pines and laurel, were completely killed and white clover was beginning to appear. These goats, with their long, curly, white fleeces, attracted more attention, probably, than anything else on the place; but, as can be imagined, they had to be well fenced in, for they would run over a stone bread crumbs that have been soaked in wall like dogs.

THE AGE OF THE WHEEL.



# THE SAGE BRUSH PARSON

BY A. B. WARD.

(Copyright, 1905, by Little, Brown & Company.)

CHAPTER XXXI. A Call From the Superintendent of

It was pitiful to see the little church go down. The first Sunday the Morgans stayed away; the next, Mrs. Wellman and Tom and Maud. After that, most of the women dropped out. Shed kept on. So did Jo and Tim Noonan and the other miners. So did Dick. Jack came more regularly than ever. Barker manifested a sudden zeal which was evidently designed to atone for the absence of his daughter Louise from the organ. There was no one else who could play, so the preacher became again the organist, as during the first

Sundays after his arrival. He appeared not to notice the dwindling of his congregation. His cheerfulness and patience were indefatigable. He continued to preach with fervor, to pray as if speaking to One who heard him; and he sang with a melancholy sweetness which brought moisture to the eyes of more than one of the rough men present.

As luck would have it, even these pitifully few adherents lessened. Shed was obliged to go away on business. This was early in November. The tenth of November the superintendent of missions was due, on his annual visitation. He had left Eureka till almost the end

of the tour, promising there to comfort himself for the disappointments and dishad been kept informed by Frank Henley, until within the past six weeks, on the subjects which Vaughan was too modest to mention; had been told of the "dare," of the debate, of other victories achieved by Vaughan. He stopped at Galena on his way, but Frank confessed he had heard nothing from Clement for over a month. "I haven't even had a Sentinel from him," said Frank. "I'd promised Mary to go over if I didn't hear soon. Tell him so. Tell him I'll be over, some time next "I'll do so," said the superintendent, and rode off into the gray autumnal landscape.

It seemed to open and close upon him. Over him brooded a dull sky. Around him the outlines of the mountains were dissolved into soggy masses, without form or strength. From an indistinguishable hiding place in their dark sides emerged a band of coyotes that followed him, at a respectful distance, but near enough to give him an uncomfortable sense of being watched and shadowed.

The gray of the sage brush was grayer

than its wont. The rain had made the roads heavy. Where he crossed the alkali flats every footprint of his horse filled with the ooze of the hideous, yellow alkali water

John Harman was not in a frame of mind to resist the somber influences of the day and the scene. Wherever he had been he had found affairs in a more than usually depressing condition. One preacher drank, another was lazy. Most of his missioners were men of conscience; but they were not men of ability. The shrewdness, the snap, the endurance seemed to be all enlisted on the other side. Thank heaven there was Vaughan! Would that there were more like him!

Some of the younger men must be sent down to Eureka to see how Vaughan did his work. Eureka could be handed over to one of these neophytes and Vaughan could be sent to start another mission. There should be one at Elko. He would talk the matter over with Vaughan and see what he thought.

It was afternoon when he drove up Rich-

mond Hill and halted at the Wei where he always stayed. Tom and Maud ran out to meet him; their mother fol-

She was a tall, angular woman of New the middle west, declared "that was all that alled her." When she had scruples and convictions, or, as he said, "bore he would exclaim "There you go, Plymouth Rock! I'd have it cut he would exclaim out" But she was a good woman, a kind woman, and upon that very foundation-stone of her character which was some-times a stone of stumbling to her easygoing husband he leaned perpetually. The only time of weakening he had ever known in her was when she had learned, during his absence, of the advent of the woman and child from England, and in her perplexity and worry had flung herself and er confidences upon Miss Sinclair.

'She must have been pretty well upset.' Her demeanor, today, when she met the superintendent, showed that she was not yet mistress of herself. He noticed it, being in the habit of noticing the mental conrocky hillside that it was desired to have cleared and gotten into grass. It was such a tangle of brush and before the condition of those he had to deal with, but attributed it to anxiety over the burden of entertaining him during the mental condition of those he had to deal with, but attributed it to anxiety over the burden of entertaining him during the mental condition of those he had to deal with, but attributed it to anxiety over the burden of entertaining him during the mental condition of those he had to deal with, but attributed it to anxiety over the burden of entertaining him during the mental condition of those he had to deal with but attributed it to anxiety over the burden of entertaining him during the mental condition of those he had to deal with but attributed it to anxiety over the burden of entertaining him during the mental condition of those he had to deal with but attributed it to anxiety over the burden of entertaining him during the mental conditions are the same at the condition of those he had to deal with a tributed it to anxiety over the burden of entertaining him during the mental conditions are the same at the condition of the condi entertaining him during Wellman's ab-sence. This was indeed the subject of her first comment.

"It does seem." she said earnestly, "as if Shed was always out of town when folks come. He says he'll be back tonight. You'll stay over night?" Reasured on this score, her mind reverted to the other topic, never far from her consciousness: always away when things happen. That's the way it was when the trouble came.' repeated Harman, looking

puzzled. "Oh, dear, hain't you heard!" sighed Mrs. Wellman. "Have I got to be the one to tell you? Warn't there nobody to tell you but me?

"I came directely here," said Harman. 'I thought I wouldn't go to the church until later. I wrote Vaughan to that effect. I hadn't heard from him, directly or indirectly, for some weeks, but he knew I was traveling about-does the trouble concern him?" For a pained look had stolen over Mrs. Wellman's face at the mention of Vaughan's name.

Sarah Wellman choked and swallowed before she answered, "Yes, it does."
"Is he ill? Hurt? Hasn't he paid his bills? Has he been getting into bad hab-

"I'm afraid he got into them before he came here," she blurted out. "I can't tell you—I can't do it. There's Mr. Wilkins ning up the road. Tommy, run and ask Mr. Wilkins to step in a minute." She turned to her guest. "I'm goin' to see about dinner. He'll tell you all you wanter

A few searching questions brought out the whole story from Ned. He believed Vaughan had told the truth, but of course things were in an awful mess—the church had very nearly gone to pieces.

"You know how people are; they're like sheep," said Ned. "They piled in there, the church wouldn't hold them. Now they've all gone the other way. I can understand how Vaughan couldn't talk about his troubles when he came here. It was perfectly natural for such a sensitive fellow as he is to say nothing, and go along about his

"His friends at Galena knew nothing about this," said Harman. "They said they hadn't heard from him or seen a newspaper for a month. I haven't." "There was nothing in the papers," said Ned quickly. "That was the way Penrose showed his friendilness. There are a number of us who still believe in Vaughanbut, of course, this thing is bad for the

"It's ruinous!" said Harman. rediately left the house. Vaughan was waiting for him in the

doorway—a somber figure, with restless eyes which burnt themselves into Har-man's memory. He had outlived the pe-riod of heroic endurance, exhausted his patience. He was a man at bay, fighting with his back against the wall. Harman's first words were not calculated to soften the situattion. "I am surprised and shocked," he began weightly, "to find-what do I find?"

what do I find?"

"I'm here," said Vaughan flippantly, "and so is the building. That's about all. Come in." He led the way to the study. Harman fellowed and seated himself ponderously in the chair before the desk. He whirled half way around and took an ivery papercutter from the desk to occupy his nervous fingers, before he continued. He was not pleased with Vaughan's manner.

"Of course," he said formally, "you cannot go on like this."

"What do you want me todo?" inquired the young preacher. "What do you think I should have done in the first place?"

The superintendant cleared his threat once, twice, "Well, as to that," he began hesitatingly. "The—ah—secrecy—"

Nothing would serve except to throw my work here and return to England."
"That," said Harman positively, "is what

Yaughan stared. Then he burst into loud laugh. "Perhaps you think I'd bet-ter return to England now?" he queried. "I do," said the superintendent. "I do, most assuredly." He beat the air with

the papercutter, measuring off his words. The reputation of a clergyman is some thing that cannot be tampered with." He paused and again beat the air. "Once gone, it is gone forever; it cannot be recovered. It makes no difference how innocent a man may be, if he has placed himself or been placed in a position to bring disgrace upon the church, there is nothing to do but open the door-

"And kick him out," finished Vaughan.
"I see. But what if I refuse to be kicked out?" There was an unity look in his eyes. The superintendent evaded them. "Mr. Vaughan, we don't want any trouble with you," he said distantly. "If it's a question of money—"
"I don't want a cent of money from the mission." broke in Vaughan, "I never have mission," broke in Vaughan. "I never have wanted it. From the day I came to this pauperized, impotent organization I've taken care that it should not come back to the mission. I've paid off its debts, made it self-supporting-you know what

"Ye-es, I know that you've done remarka-bly well," said the superintendent.

I've done!

"Now I'm under a cloud," said the young "Now I'm under a cloud," said the young preacher earnestly. "But you know how these people are. They change in a moment. They are liable to come trooping back tomorrow. It's the fashion just now to stone me. It has been the fashion to make an idoi of me." He smiled, actually smiled as he added, "It may be again." Harman shook his head, "It would not be well for the charman and the small for th be well for the church," he said magisterially, "to hold lightly a matter of this kind. We cannot ignore, pass over-com-plication. It would have a bad effect upon our authority. I would never do."

The ugly look came back into Vaughan's

"You mean that you want me to-get out?" he inquired harshly. "Is that it?"
Harman nodded, once, twice, thrice.
"That's it!" he said coolly. "For the good of the church.

"For the good of the church?" repeated Vaughan desperately. "Is it for the good of the church that a son who has loved and served her with all his heart shall be disowned and exiled because, forsooth, he has loved and served her above all else, and to his own undoing? Is that for the good of the church?" "Something must be conceded to appear

ances," said the superintendent sharply.
"Concede it, then, by all means!" cried
Vaughan, towering above him, and lifting his long arms as if to call the unseen hosts to witness. "Concede it! Concede me! But when we meet before high heaven. John Harman, you will have to concede something to reality, and it's pretty sure to be thing to reality, and it's pretty sure to the small, skulking, pettifogging soul in that big, comfortable body of yours!"

Harman started up in alarm. Had his troubles driven the young man mad? Like a maniac indeed Vaughan seemed, his thick, black hair tossed about his white face, the unfathomable depths of his large, dark eyes opening like the pit of remors into which he would plunge his compan-Self-control returned as suddenly as it

had left him. "I beg your pardon," he said coldly. "I forgot myself. I will return to England, as you suggest. There are certain matters to be arranged with my-suc-cessor. If you will send him here upon your return, I will attend to them as soon as may be." He was all dignity now, all reserve and resolute calm. Harman pu his hand. Vaughan turned away as if he had not seen it. "I can't tell you how sorry I am-

gan the superintendent. "Have you seen the last quarterly?" in-terrupted Vaughan. "No?" Take it with you. There are some excellent articles in You can read them on the way."

He bowed the superintendent out with much ceremony, then returned to the long. narrow room, where he had worked and thought and prayed for a year and a half. where he had dreamed dreams and seen visions, for the most part of the holy city and of the establishment of God's kingdom on earth. Not until of late had his dreams een of a woman's love, his visions of he

And now, now he was to be driven Flogged back to England and Delia! Dis-honored where he had been of all men most trusted and admired.

How could he meet it? How could he bear it, he, a young man! The pitiless years spread out before him, monotonous, arid as the desert around the canyon! His oul fainted within him at the thought them.

How could be endure this fate, this des tiny, this lot in which he had no choice? It had haunted him since Delia came, as a threat, defled and ignored-as a possibility ombated, resisted-it was now a fact Escape there was none! But he must escape, or go mad. How

did men escape from the recurring torture of a thought like this? How did they? Why there was Barker's equat, black flash, the devil's envoy, answering him. "Take me," it chuckled "Take me, and forget!"

That was the temptation, the core of it. which sorrow and shame and desperation found irresistible. That was it! Not the appeal to the palate, the glow through the thirst, but escape! He caught the flask, uncorked it with trembling fingers and raised it to his lips. No, no, not that way, the coward's way, the weakling's way, the way of the brute!

Where then? Out into the free air, under the open sky, as so often before, seeking what he had falled to find elsewhere! With somewhat of the old haste, the old stride he passed through Eureka streets and climbed the Gleger grade.

The gray day was closing. The canyon

lay in shadow. Beyond it the plain stretched, dull and undefined. Here and there lights twinkled in the small, awkward mir ng town. Its smallness, its awkwardness had always appealed to him. They touched him now. Poor little uneasy Eureka! By tomorrow it would be back at his knees, like a wayward child, begging to be taken to his heart again. But tomorrow was out of his reach-for the good of the

He hurried away from the town and went on, blinded by a rush of tears. He was nearly at the summit now. A turn in road brought him to the great rock which marked the highest point. Some one was sitting there, a woman wrapped in a long cloak. She started up at his approach, and he saw that it was Delia. She had the child in her arms. (To be continued tomorrow.

#### Vexations of New Riches. From the Chicago Inter Ocean.

A woman on the North Side, with a new husband and a new house and newly carved furniture, has a new butler, just imported from Europe. She is very uncomfortable;

in fact, she has a new pain almost every time the new butier addresses her. Upon arriving in Chicago the butler's first selfappointed task was to learn the social He ate his dinner in silence, and as soon value of names. Each day that a large as he had swallowed the last mouthful imvalue of names. Each day that a large the paper he says, with absence of expres-"You will be going out, of course, this

evening, madam?"
"Going out? No; why?" rstood that madam was to assis As fashionable entertainment, one after

has been at home in dressing gown and sliphas been at home in dressing gown and slip-pers the butler's demeaner has become more and more cool and lofty, until the poor woman confided to her best friend that she fered he would cut her the next time she

## Steam Heat Necessary.

Randall-Yes, but that doesn't keep the

Higgs-Was your wife's last party a suc-